

TOO BEAUTIFUL TO FIND HONEST WORK.

The True Story of a Refined Young Woman's Experiences in New York Business Offices.

This is the true story of one girl's life in New York. She was too beautiful to find employment. She was too womanly, too true, too all that good women hold dear.

This is the simple story of a young woman whose beauty was her misfortune—a young woman who finally awakened to the astonishing fact that her dazzling beauty of form and features made it impossible for her to hold the simple business relations with the business world by which she hoped to earn a living.

Thrown unexpectedly upon her own resources, this young woman cheerfully resolved to support herself, as so many other worthy young women do in the great office buildings of downtown New York. With the advantage of a very superior early education and the determination to succeed, there seemed surely no reason why she should encounter any serious difficulty.

And yet her rare beauty proved, indeed, a fatal gift. Unconsciously she attracted to herself the affection of those whose affections and family duties belonged to others. In the routine of her office work she unwittingly aroused the jealousies of other employees, and, worse than all, found that her personal charms were the cause of improper advances and attentions from her employers.

Here is the typical experience of other beautiful women who are compelled by circumstances to enter the business offices in New York. Some of them have remained true to their ideals; others have not. The woman in the modern business office is a product of the new generation of "modern" or advanced women. She has revolutionized things there to a certain extent. She has done work formerly done by men. She has lowered the scale of wages. She has given foolish men and silly boys a chance to have their heads turned by the pretty face at the typewriter, and the presence of those feminine graces which until recent times had no place outside of the domestic circle.

This girl has been in New York about a year. She has been successively a law firm's typewriter, a model for a cloak manufacturer, a hardware merchant's stenographer (for about five hours), a salesgirl in a confectionery store, a stock-keeper in a jewelry store, and a companion to a widow with a too attentive son. The son's parents are forced her to give up her position, and she is again out of employment, and still too beautiful to find it.

The facts in the case of this young woman were related to a Journal reporter by Mr. John Rogers, of No. 127 West Forty-seventh street, and Mr. Rogers finally consented to give her photograph for publication provided the young woman's name and identity were not revealed.

We will call her simply Kate. Her name is known to the Sunday Journal, but the young woman, cannot be published. The young woman is from Massachusetts, where she attended a prominent boarding-school. Her home was in one of the New-England's fashionable suburbs. Her father was rich and a speculator and at home but a small part of the time. Her mother died nine years ago. She is now twenty-two, and since her mother's death Kate lived, during the vacations, at Boston's luxurious hotel, the Vendome, on Commonwealth avenue.

LUXURY, THEN POVERTY.
At eighteen she was graduated from school. She then enjoyed two years of travel, accompanied by the widow of a former partner of her father, who was, in fact, about the only near friend she had. Part of these two years was devoted to the study of vocal music in Paris and to sketching in Switzerland and Italy. On her return she entered one of the highest female educational institutions in this country, taking a "finishing" course. Then her father died in New York, and she was without friends or relatives and very little money. Her father died insolvent.

He was one of those who lost heavily by the decline of the stock of the Atchafalaya, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad, which was held largely in Boston, and again in 1892 he had plunged heavily on options in Chicago hotels. He thought the World's Fair would hotel property to such an extent that he could more than double his money, but he was mistaken and lost over \$200,000. After the funeral, the expenses

of which she paid, Kate had a little over \$300 left.

She determined to come to New York, where she thought she could easily support herself comfortably and make a home. She was ambitious, self-reliant and not afraid of work, and she considered New York a better field than was offered by any other city.

THE LAWYER HELD HER HAND.
Kate took a room in a modest boarding house and entered a typewriting school on Park row. She was so proficient that in two months she was pronounced thoroughly competent. Then, full of expectation and hope, Kate secured a position at \$15 a week in the office of a lawyer in the Equitable building.

Her position was very pleasant at first, and her work satisfactory to her employer. But Kate soon discovered that the lawyer was more pleased with her than with her work. The lawyer gave her an enormous amount of dictation, she sitting by his side. She thought he sat unnecessarily close to her when he was dictating. Then he began to hold her by the arm when he was dictating. This she supposed to be simply an unconscious act, but in a little while she found it was not. Although annoyed, she reasoned that she was only an employee, and it would not be wise to resent it.

She changed her opinion, however, when the lawyer invited her to accompany him to the theatre, and have a "little lunch" afterward.

Finally the lawyer confessed to her that from the day she first entered his office he had been thrilled by a feeling of fascination. As he had watched her from day to day she had grown in his affections, until now he could no longer remain silent. He now knew that he loved her—that she was dearer to him than his wife, his children—than all else on earth.

With this declaration the lawyer stooped to kiss her, but rising in her indignation she expressed her contempt for him and, brushing him aside, left the office.

Disgusted, but not discouraged, Kate wondered what she should do next. She knew that her form was superb, and it occurred to her that a position as a model in a cloak manufacturer's salesroom would be both congenial and lucrative. So she called at the office of a large concern on Broadway, near Broome street. To a clerk at a window she said:

"I called to see if you needed a cloak model."

"No, miss, we are well supplied," was the reply. She was about to leave, when some one said: "One moment, please."

Turning, she saw a stout, elderly man wearing a silk hat, a heavy gold chain and diamonds.

"So you want a position as model?" he asked, smiling. "Have you had experience?" She was about to reply that she had not when the elderly man, who was senior partner, said: "No matter whether you have or not. You will do." The next day the new model reported for duty.

NOT LIKE OTHER CLOAK MODELS.
For the benefit of those who are not familiar with the duties of cloak models, it is proper to state that they try on cloaks for the buyers who come to New York to purchase stocks for retail houses throughout the country. Naturally a cloak looks more effective when worn by a pretty girl than by a dummy.

Kate was admirably adapted for a model from a physical standpoint. But the cloak manufacturer could not read her character as well as he could her face and figure. Otherwise, possibly, he would not have engaged her at \$35 a week.

There were many buyers in the store on the first day. The new model noticed that the buyers, many of whom looked like demons, smoothed out the folds, fitted the cloaks, and humiliated them in many ways when the garments were on the girls, far more than appeared to be necessary, but that she herself was regarded with great deference. Possibly this was because of her naturally modest air.

In a few days Kate was the recipient of caresses that would be entirely without excuse were it not for the fact that she was a cloak model, but which she supposed to be necessary in determining the quality and fit of the garments.

She soon brought herself to think that perhaps her fears were unfounded, especially as both the buyers and the men-

TOO PRETTY FOR A BUSINESS CAREER.

bers of the firm were usually gentlemanly in their manners.

Before Kate had been a model a fortnight she was unpopular with the other models, because she was always selected when any large buyer visited the store, and she frequently overheard spiteful remarks about herself from the other girls.

She took lunch with him. Next morning when Kate arrived she was a little surprised to find that her quarters were to be in her employer's private office. She wondered at this as the private office was small, while there was plenty of room in the general office. She did not wonder why the arrangement had been made when, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, she had to leave her position, angrier and more pained than ever before.

Kate was a misguided sentimentalist regarding what was right and wrong, nor was she prudish. She had a rare amount of good sense and a whole lot of grit, otherwise she might have jumped into the river or else have capitulated. Her nature was such that the more opposition she met with the more determined she was to continue the fight and come out successful.

When she applied for the position of stenographer at a Wall street bank she received a genuine surprise. Her application for work was refused. She was a trifle cast down, for she thought: "At last I have an opportunity to work where I am safe from insult."

The bank officer, a fatherly old gentleman, noticed her disappointment and kindly said: "I am sorry, miss, for I have no doubt you are thoroughly competent. The fact is, you are too pretty. If you were a little plainer I would engage you at once. To speak candidly, we have a lot of young employees here, and a pretty face is very liable to distract the attention of our under assistants."

"At last the whole truth dawned upon her. 'You are too pretty.' The words of the honest bank official had explained a multitude of perplexities.

But what was she to do? How was she to remove this ban? Clearly she was cursed with a fatal gift, and there was no alternative but to struggle on and preserve her self-respect at any cost.

As stock keeper in a Maiden Lane wholesale jewelry store she was annoyed by buyers again. She was not a cloak model to be sure, but the buyers persecuted her with their attentions until she was forced to leave.

Finally she went to Philadelphia as companion to a widow; but here, too, her Semesta pursued her in the shape of a son of the widow, and in a few weeks she left and returned to New York. Her experiences as a saleswoman in a confectionery store were only a repetition of what she had borne before.

"And what has become of the young woman?" the reporter asked.
"Well," said Mr. Rogers, "she has been out of employment for some weeks. She has the promise of a position as a chaperone for some young girls in a Dobbs Ferry school, who expect to spend the summer in Europe. If this falls her I really don't know what she will do. But," said Mr. Rogers, thoughtfully, "what a sad commentary this is on life in this Christian city!"

TOO PRETTY FOR A BUSINESS CAREER.

BICYCLE FOR TEN.

Big Enough for a Large Family, and Professional Riders Will Speed It.

that she was a typewriter. The hardware man, who appeared much interested in her, immediately said: "Well, that's odd. I want a lady to help me on my correspondence, and you are just the one. I can get lots of bookkeepers, but not such typewriters as you. How much salary do you expect?"

"Fifteen dollars."

"Very reasonable, indeed. Come to work to-morrow morning. You needn't get around before 10, if you like; the work is light."

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NOW MUCH CASH WOULD YOU EXPECT?

If All the Money in the Land Were Divided Equally, and What Would You Do with It?

What would you do with your share if all the money in the United States was divided equally?

How would you spend it if you suddenly found yourself with the same financial resources as the members of the Gould and Vanderbilt families?

Few persons have any idea how much a pro rata division of all the money in the country would yield to each one of us, man, woman or child. It is a very simple problem in division, but it would require some tall Yankee guessing to give the correct answer offhand. Some would say \$5,000, some \$4,000 and some \$100. All would be far wrong.

The fact was ascertained from a recent statement issued by the Secretary of the Treasury, in response to a resolution adopted by the Senate, that if all the money in this big land were whacked up—that is, all the money in the United States Treasury, and in the banks, and trust companies, and private safes, and money drawers, and stockpiles, and old stores—only about \$30 for each individual would be forthcoming.

A Sunday Journal reporter put the question to a number of people who claim to be up to date, and their estimates of the sum they would receive ranged from \$1,000 to \$100,000. The total amount of money in the United States on January 1, 1896, according to the statement of the Secretary of the Treasury, was \$2,197,000,230; the population was about 70,630,000.

"What would I do with my share?" said "The Only William," New York's best-known drink mixer, in answer to the query. "Why, my boy, I would have so much wealth that it would take me several days to decide what I would do. To begin, I can just get along as well the way I'm fixed now as if I had the \$40,000 or \$50,000 which would be coming to me under the equal-division-of-wealth scheme. But if I had it I think my first impulse would be to give up my present position and start a school for the education of bartenders. By doing this I would save nearly as many men from misery and premature death, occasioned by the drinking habit, as are now victims to the ignorance of the bartender."

When William was informed that his share in the country's coin would only be \$30, he exclaimed: "None of that for me! It is better as it is. Why, nearly everybody has the ability to spend \$30 so easily gotten in a day or two, and then where would the great majority be?"

"I tell you," added "The Only," "no such foolish Socialistic ideas will ever gain a foothold in this country, and God help the man who seriously attempts to advocate any such idea!"

Professor Timothy O'Brien is a well-known healer of ills contracted during the inclement season. His patrons are principally lawyers, judges and literary men afflicted with catarrh and other disagreeable head and throat troubles.

"If I ever get what you suggest," said the Professor to his questioner, "I would not stop to think what I would do with the goods—I mean the money. It would probably be near \$100,000, and at that figure I would not be compelled to knock my neighbor down and highway him under the pretence of poverty. Easy come, easy go, is the usual maxim, and generally a true one, where money is concerned, yet if all the inhabitants of the United States were put on an equal footing financially on a certain date, there would be fewer fools than we have now. There are lots of people who have lost good opportunities earlier in their lives who are still active and anxious enough to grasp at anything favorable and profitable now."

Professor O'Brien was shown the statement issued by the Secretary of the Treasury which would make everybody worth \$30.

"That \$30," he said, "wouldn't 'cut any ice' with anybody except the broken-down elements of society, who nightly frequent the station houses and parks. Nowadays there is hardly a man living who could make his mark in the world starting with a capital of \$30, when all his competitors were equally well equipped. If the equal distribution of the country's money would give each inhabitant several thousand dollars, then there would be some interest in such a scheme, but few people would lose any sleep over the actual pique award which the average shows. I wouldn't want to see the day when such an equality

exists in this or any other country."

"Jimmy" Harris does nothing every day but run an elevator in a big, tall, downtown office building, and think, "Jimmy's" estimate of the country's money was such that his share, he judged, would be about \$10,000.

"The boss," he said, "would get the same amount, too. Then the first thing I would do would be to raise a strike against the boss, and if all the men were as well fixed as I would be I could get them out sure. Then I would come around and watch him run the elevator and make complaints against him for being no good and ruining the machine. It's time that such a scheme was started to give the workman a chance, but there doesn't seem to be anybody with brains enough to take hold of it."

Harris's face lengthened somewhat when he was informed that \$30 was all he could get out of an equal division of the money. "Then," he said, "if that's all there is in it I guess you're only wasting your own time and mine in talking about becoming independent on as much as I can earn in three weeks."

Martin Butler, a member of the finest police force in the world, thought there would be about \$1,000 coming to him if a division were made. He said he would lose no time in resigning his job on the force and would never wear the "tin" again if he could help it. Martin's ambition is to start in some business, preferably the liquor business, and such a sum as he thinks his share of the money in the country should be would be about the amount necessary to start with. He was disappointed to know that there would only be \$30 coming to him, denounced any scheme to make such a paltry division, and resumed his beat toward the Hudson River.

Miss Jennie Meyers, a typewriter in the American Tract Society building, said she thought if all the money in the country was divided that there would be about \$150,000 coming to her.

"With that I would travel," said Miss Meyers. "I would first see the world. Then I would return to New York and start a school for the education of poor and friendless children. I would visit the sick in hospitals and I would help poor but ambitious authors."

"Julius," who blacks boots in the City Hall Park, was asked how much he thought he ought to get if all the wealth in the country was divided. "About a million dollars," was the prompt reply.

"Every man ought to be a millionaire if he had his rights. As it is now, the pawnbrokers on the Bowery, as well as the prize fighters, are getting all the money. The people are not in it. If I had my share I would open the finest Summer hotel in the world. It would be at Long Branch. I would play the races, open wine and be a high roller generally."

Julius was informed that his share would be only \$30 if the money was divided equally. He laughed at this.

"Why, how can that be?" he asked. "Nearly every man has got \$30, and there are many millionaires. Of course, some are several hundred thousand dollars worse off than nothing. Do you mean that the debts are to be divided, too? Not on your life. Am I to be shouldered with other men's widows?"

Henry Wilbers is a D. T. messenger in Wall street. "Do you mean that Morgan is to be made to give up, with George Gould, Vanderbilt and Steve Brodie?" he asked. "Gee, that would be great! I would come in for about \$250,000. You can bet your life that I would chuck this job quick."

"I would order the finest suit of clothes that money could buy. I would go to board at the Windsor Hotel. I would take a front seat every night at a different variety show. I would keep a carriage waiting for me outside."

"Then I would order the most elegant revolver which could be made. It would have a pearl handle and be gold mounted, with my monogram on each side. I would buy flowers and Havana cigars. I would go to every prize fight. I would have a racing stable. My picture would be printed in the papers, for I would be right in it."

"This boy was told that 'his share' would be only \$30, and he expressed disgust. 'Why, I could make that in a couple of weeks,' said he. 'A turn of a point on the Exchange would knock that out in a minute.'"

A Bicycle Big Enough for an Entire Family.

